Dionysus Reborn

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Dionysus Reborn

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Hannibal is not only the Chesapeake Ripper, but an artist when he doesn't have to take care of his patients.One day he creates a marble sculpture of a beautiful young man with luscious curls, looking like Dionysus. Hannibal is so obsessed that he spends a lot of time next to the sculpture and even kissing it. He feels lonely and just wishes that his sculpture would come to life. One day it does.

Notes

As I have enough time on hand due to lockdown, I went through my Florence vacation pictures and got inspired to write a short Artist AU. Of course, I included the picture of Dionysus with his panther that probably inspired Hannibal ;)

Dionysus was the Greek god of grapes, wine, fertility, religion and theatre. He was quite the hedonistic one. To the Romans he was known as Bacchus.
He is also seen as patron of the LGBTQ+ Community. It's really interesting, you should read about it.

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Next to murdering people and consuming their organs, Hannibal does have another way of relaxing and self-soothing when he is compelled to hold back for a few months. Working on paintings and compositions is an acceptable compromise, when he can't provoke the FBI and play cat-and-mouse games anymore. One day, inspired by looking at some Botticelli paintings, Michelangelo's works and reading Greek mythology stories, being particularly interested in the ones with Dionysus, the vision of a young boy holding bunches of grapes in his hand and a lyre resting next to his feet, appears in front of his eyes.It doesn't let him go, be it during composing or writing poems.

Fuelled by inspiration, he reads all about the art of making sculptures, purchases all materials required, such as high-quality, white Carrara marble from Italy, sledge hammers, chisels and other tools. It is tedious work and more difficult than he has anticipated. The first efforts are

far from close to the accurate depictions in his sketches. Hannibal keeps on wasting marble, but luckily he has enough supplies.

Days and nights, he stands in front of his project. When he has finally gotten the knack of it and it starts to be fun. Sometimes, Bedelia is concerned and annoyed when he misses an evening appointment and stops their sessions altogether. Hannibal can't be bothered, he has more important and pressing matters at hand.

After months of meticulous planning, sketching, practising on standard- quality marble and fuzzy detail work,he succeeds and finishes his project. Hannibal wipes the sweat from his brow, steps down from the ladder and admires the sight of a beautiful young man with luscious, wild curls, looking like Dionysus, arching his body back in a sensual, playful way, holding his hands above his head. Two bunches of grapes dangle from the hand and a mischievous smile rests on his lip, as if he wants to lure someone in with his charm and looks. A lyre and wine jug stand next to his feet. In the original statue, a hound accompanies the god but Hannibal has decided to change it.

Hannibal is enamored with his work and he circles his creation more than once. His hands rest on the white, petite marvellous, smooth chest and the well-shaped butt more than once. Pride swells in his chest as his hands wander over the heap and further down the thighs. Longing fills his heart.It stings.

The man is so obsessed with the statue that the time spent with the statue outweighs the time spent socialising with the sheep in Baltimore's socialite circle. Ms. Komeda calls him more than a few times and threatened to visit him in person, but Hannibal doesn't want to talk to mediocre people. Bedelia has decided to leave, and he's not inclined to follow her yet, even though she left her perfume behind at her house when he has arrived to confront her.

One night, when the loneliness as the smartest man of Baltimore becomes too much to bear, he returns to his attic and sits in front of his creation with a glass of fine *Chateau Rothschild.* His lovely boy is the only comfort. Hannibal just wishes that his sculpture would come to life. Hunting no longer holds the value it used to have. The game with Miriam Lass and Crawford is predictable. They're intelligent and capable, but not enough for him.

He wants someone at his side. Someone to trust, to protect, to guide and to love unconditionally. Like the Greeks, who had their *eromenes*.

Outside, a shooting star rushes across the night sky, when he makes that wish to himself. He doesn't notice it as his head sits on his chest and his eyes are shut. The glass has fallen to the floor. A puddle of red wine pools over the floor. His body is human, after all, and forces him to sleep in the armchair in front of his beloved.

The day after, when he returns from his office to treat his patients, he climbs the stairs to the attic in order to check on his lovely boy after sleeping in, *it's gone* . Color leaves Hannibal's face and he clenches his fist. Dread and anger fills Hannibal's heart. He looks around for signs of intruders but can't discover nor smell any. The doors have been locked. No sign of forced entry everywhere. Everything looks untouched.

Odd.

The doorbell rings. Once, then a short pause before several successions of these horrible shrill rings echoes through the house again. Enraged by the noise and the theft, Hannibal grabs a scalpel, hides it in the sleeves, leaves his attic and walks to the door. He's in such a bad mood that he wants to murder whoever dared to ring that bell so many times, instead of going away.

It must be Jack Crawford or Miriam Lass. Hannibal is particularly looking forward to killing him and ending this charade. Hannibal locks the attic and walks down the stairs towards the main entrance, his scalpel ever ready in his sleeve. A hunting knife is in his back pockets, too. When he opens the door, however, he finds no special agent or other obsessive patient waiting, and so he lets go of the scalpel.

The sight of his visitor, however, makes him speechless. Something that hasn't happened since he was a teenager. He has taken pride in his rhetoric skills. An incredibly attractive young man, at least he assumes that, barely older than twenty, looking exactly like the sculpture he had created, stands in front of his door, wrapping their arms around their bare chest and hiding it. Captivating blue eyes with speckles of green, framed by thick, black lashes, are fixed at him.

There can't be any doubt.Dionysus has descended to earth once again and showed him that life has to be enjoyed to the fullest.That life doesn't have to be viewed through the Nietzschean veil all the time.

The beautiful stranger is close to hypothermia, Hannibal notices. His body shivers, and the boy keeps moving his legs. It is winter after all. Luckily, he doesn't have any neighbours, or he would have to kill them for allowing them to see this magnificent human being.

A blush creeps on Hannibal's face. He has difficulties not to stare at the impeccable body presented to him and compare it to his statue. "Hey", the young visitor says in a rude impatient tone, tearing Hannibal out of his reverie. "Are you d-done staring and w-will you help me? It's fucking cold." Hannibal smiles at the younger man and steps aside. "But of course. I don't want you to freeze. That would be a terrible waste." His visitor laughs nervously and brushes past Hannibal.

Hannibal picks up the grapes and the bottle of wine from the floor and closes the door behind them. "May I ask what has happened and what your name is?" He asks the boy in curiosity. The latter just shrugs. "I-I don't have any clue at all why I'm here and why I carried a bottle of wine and some grapes. Just woke up here." Wide blue eyes gape at him. "I ..I don't even remember my name." He laughs nervously and looks away. Hannibal has an idea. He's going to give him a name.

"Will", he says. Eyebrows shoot up. "What?" "I'd suggest your name is Will. Is it okay to address you as he/him or should I use another pronoun? ", Hannibal asks, putting a hand on his shoulder as they move through the house towards the staircase. Will flinches but doesn't pull back. He stays still for a moment and frowns. "Will..sounds good. He or they and them are okay, too.", he answers slowly."And yours, old man? What is your name?"He shoots back. Hannibal's lip twitches. Rude. "Hannibal Lecter. My pronouns are he and him."

“Haaaaanibal”, Will repeats, the syllables dripping like honey from his lips. He bats his eyelashes seductively as he says it and grins. His body seems to recover quickly, for he takes the bottle of wine and the grapes out of Hannibal’s hand, then begins to run up the stairs. “Come and catch me, *silver fox* ”, Will laughs. He stands there, at the top of the stairs, presenting his booty to Hannibal, wiggling it, before dashing through the corridor.

The older man watches him disappear with amusement in his eyes. Hannibal smirks, waits a few moments longer, then chases his boy. He sniffs the air and takes a turn towards the study. It’s easy to track him by scent. Wood, musk and the aroma of the grapes betray him. When Hannibal has discovered the mischievous young boy hiding in his study, he lifts him off his feet and carries him to the bedroom. But not to get him dressed. Will doesn’t protest in the slightest and grins as if he is a cat that has gotten the cream.

He lies Will down on the bed, eyes him like a shark. Will immediately makes himself comfortable and brings his body into a seductive pose, lying on his side and draping his right leg over the left one, Hannibal still can’t believe his luck to be host to this magnificent young man, uniting elements of all talented artists of the Renaissance.

Will does that lascivious back arch that Hannibal knows from his statue, then picks up another grape from the bunch resting on the pillow. He opens his mouth and places it on his lips, before swallowing it down in a provocative way. “Hmm”, Will moans and grins at Hannibal.

Hannibal watches him swallow the grape with arousal growing stronger the longer he watches. His breathing becomes ragged. His self-control and pledge to talk with him first falters the longer he sees this magnificent, luring siren posing for him on the bed.

“What are you waiting for?” Will teases with an impish smile, one eyebrow raised. “I’m yours. Let’s some fun.”

The older man growls. The fortress in his mind falls as blood rushes from his brain to his cock. His hands shake as they work at his leather belt and the zipper of his pants. It takes longer than usual. The pastel blue waistcoat is flung into the other corner and so is his shirt.

“That’s more like it”, Will laughs, as Hannibal finally crawls on the bed. Hannibal towers over Will, kisses his tempting lips, tastes the sweetness of the grapes, his unique flavour, then draws back and swirls his tongue around his earlobes before nibbling at his throat. “Sweet boy”, he groans and undulates his hips. Will locks his legs around the waist and sighs as his cock bobs Hannibal’s every time their hips move.

Hannibal can’t get enough of this human god. He has to taste him more intimately. Will is flipped on his belly and Hannibal works him open with his tongue and fingers, searching for the blissful spot. His reborn Dionysus whines and trembles as he rims him.

“Ohhhh”, Will groans loudly, his body jerking under the sharp thrusts of Hannibal’s fingers.

“Do you want something specific, Will?”

“Need your….need your cock inside me”

And Hannibal needs Will's ass. Hannibal withdraws, pumps his cock with lubed fingers a few times, then plunges into the nice hole. Will's sphincter muscles clench around his cock. He's so perfectly tight. Hannibal cups the lovely ass cheeks into his hand and gives a few spanks. Will whines and digs his fingers into the mattress, rocking back.

"Ohhh", he shouts, as Hannibal fucks him mercilessly. A hand of his finds his way into his hair and pulls lightly at the curls. The resulting, drawn-out, dirty moan, makes him grab more tightly.

His body shakes violently as he comes on the silver sheets. Hannibal holds him tightly and fucks him through his orgasm.

Hannibal wrings one orgasm after another from Will's body during the evening. Joyous melodies of pleasure echo through the vast mansion.

After a while, when they rest in bed, Hannibal feeds grape after grape to his young lover and pours them some wine and water to drink, Will gets drowsy and falls asleep on his lover's chest.

Hannibal smiles as Will begins to snore and cling tighter to him. He runs his fingers through the wonderful, soft curly hair and kisses his forehead. Despite the brash and bratty attitude of Will, Hannibal Lecter has never been happier in his life. For the first time he thinks about sending a prayer of gratitude towards heaven.

End Notes

If the part with the pronouns wasn't written well, I apologise. You can give me feedback if you like. I just thought that a nonbinary Will would be nice, too as Dionysus is genderqueer.

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